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THE ONLY CHINESE BILL THAT THE PRESIDENT CANNOT VETO.

## PUCK.

OFFICE: Nos. 21 & 23 WARREN STREET,  
NEW YORK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF.....JOS. KEPPLER  
 BUSINESS MANAGER.....A. SCHWARZMANN  
 EDITOR.....H. C. BUNNER

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE curse of many letters is upon this generation. The late Sir Rowland Hill went to his death with a great responsibility upon his soul. He was a public-spirited and inventive man; but we doubt if he realized the awful potentialities of the penny-post when he brought it forth as a boon to the world. In the days of our fathers and our grandfathers, a letter was a letter—a composition of moment and a thing of weight. People did not dash off letters; they toiled conscientiously over them; they wrote in fine crowquill hands on thin paper; they studied their sentences; they strove to crowd a well-arranged condensation of current news into the space of the one sheet which the law allowed. They waited to write until they had something to say, and they made sure that that something was worth the postage. When we take up the faded sheets with their close-pressed lines of copper-plate neatness, we wonder how our ancestors found so much to say and said it so well and with such compact completeness. We forget that in those times an intimate correspondence did not mean a letter a week, or even a letter a month. Our dead and gone friends wrote few letters, and those few were truly welcome to the recipients.

We smile, sometimes, at the old-fashioned phrase: "Your favor of the 0th was thankfully received." But at that time a letter *was* a favor, and it *was* thankfully received. We have to thank good Sir Rowland that it is so no longer. Fifty years ago a letter was a rare luxury; twenty-five years ago it was a common luxury; now it is a common nuisance. Letter-scribbling is a public vice; because it is a cheap pastime. Perhaps the old folks congratulated themselves, when Rowland Hill came to the front with his grand idea, that they had got rid of the epistolary bore of the day—the man who filled his sheet of elephant folio with nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine lines of drivel hung to one line of welcome intelligence. But what a harmless, even pleasing bore was that industrious old fellow, with his neatly turned periods of Addisonian twaddle, when you compare him with the wretch who to-day deluges you with a swash of little letters, each one the spatter and overflow of his watery intellect! He likes to write, that fellow does; he can inflict forty letters on you for what it cost his grandfather to send one; and, by the gods, he does it! Three cents for a stamp, a cent for paper and envelope, and he can let off some of that uneasy nothingness stirring in his brain—vacuum which Nature fobbed off on him for thought.

We on this paper know that man. Like the poor, we have him always with us. He writes us on all occasions and on all subjects. His name is legion, and there is no place which knows him not. He pelts us with letters from all parts of the country; and, whether we like it or not, we have to read his chaff, lest we should lose the grain some wiser writer sends us. Come, let us look over this morning's mail,

setting aside the contributions offered, which, of course, have their own reason for being. What is there? A letter from a man who has discovered a typographical error in our latest issue; a broadside of ill spelled curses from an illiterate anonym who doesn't like our attitude on the Chinese question; a suggestion for a cartoon from some person who would never have sent it had he devoted to thinking it over the ten minutes he has given to writing it out; a postal card with a pun made in the dark ages; a communication from South Centreville Junction, Ohio, asking us to "pitch into" the local barber; a note of inquiry as to the exact dimensions of our circulation, and so on and so on and so on. And out of all the batch, three letters only that have a right to be there—a word of appreciative criticism from a friend and reader; a pleasant line from an old contributor, telling of a poetic success made in other fields than that of humor, and a card that bears a sharp, business-like and suggestive "point" from some unknown outsider.

The Mongolian may very well advise the irritated Caucasian to "keep his shirt on." It may not be in the best of taste to mention that garment; but that is just where the Heathen has us. There is a Chinese bill which the President cannot veto; and an accurate copy thereof is given on our first page. We can guarantee that cartoon. As a rule, artists are eccentric and independent in their ways, and have a fashion of drawing things to suit themselves. We have observed this because it seems to stir up some of the uncontrollable correspondents to whom the preceding paragraphs are devoted, to write us about such little variations on the accepted forms of things as steamboats with no wheels, ships sailing dead against the wind with their sails filled from behind, locomotives with their smoke-stacks where the cabs ought to be, and other trifles of the sort, which we are informed occur from time to time in our cartoons. But this cartoon may be depended upon as solid. It is exactly reproduced from a model, and we believe that the characters on the sheet depicted certify to the fact that one of our artists sent a shirt to the wash and got it back cleansed and made wholly beautiful, and that he paid therefor. This might not otherwise be believed. An artist's financial standing is sometimes more doubtful than his talent. But in this transaction it is highly creditable; and the position of the Celestial is sweetly solid.

The Roman Catholic Church, since Ignatius Loyola put it once more on its legs, when it was in danger of tottering, has been doing its utmost to advertise itself and its doctrines. At frequent intervals the whole world is treated to a bull, an allocution or a pastoral. Of late these deliverances have been much of the same tenor, and there is a dreadful monotony about the style. They generally begin by deploring the prodigious amount of hostility to the Church there is abroad, and what a telling wicked thing it is to call into question the truth of the Roman Catholic religion. They then go on to say that the world is full of bad men, but that the Church will ultimately put everybody and everything on a heavenly basis, if it only gets the chance. They then denounce the secret societies and irreligious newspapers, and deny that there can be a legal civil marriage or a legal divorce; have a great number of unpleasant things to say about secular schools, question scientific facts, and wind up by invoking heavenly blessings on everybody through several holy agencies. These manifestos are then signed by some very important dignitary, with a cross before the signature. The pastoral letter, published recently, of the provincial council of the Roman Catholic clergy of Cincinnati is what might have been expected.

It is like other deliverances of this kind, as much as one Democratic Presidential platform is like another. It touches on all the topics we have mentioned in the usual manner; but it goes further—too far, indeed, for us to allow some of the remarks to pass without comment. It asserts, in very distinct language, that all men are not created free and equal, that power does not come from the people, and that, consequently, the will of the people is not the basis of government. There is but one conclusion to be drawn from such authoritative statements as these, viz: that a good Roman Catholic can not be a good American citizen, because the Church insists on his believing that which is diametrically opposed to the cardinal principle of the Constitution of the United States.

It is a bold proceeding on the part of these clerical gentlemen to give utterance to such radical opinions in this free republic; but at the same time we are very much obliged by their frankness of expression, as non-Roman Catholics may now know what they have to expect in the future. But how much better it would be if the Romish Church would quietly enjoy the very picturesque ceremonies and observances of its faith without interfering with politics and secular matters. The Jewish Church does not make this mistake. It, too, has its fast days and its Passover, and its other religious practices, but it never meddles with the government of the country where it is established.

There are dozens of other religious denominations in the United States, none of which, as such, assumes to give its interpretation of the Declaration of Independence. It has been reserved for the priests of the Roman Catholic Church to occupy this unenviable position. That in this free country, where every man is on an equal footing, they should have the presumption to fling defiance in the face of the whole nation, ought not to excite surprise, for the Roman Catholic Church has never been deficient in presumption; but it ought to cause all lovers of freedom to do their utmost to preserve their rights and liberties, which have been obtained at such a cost, and not to allow any church, Roman Catholic or otherwise, to interfere directly or indirectly with the people's laws and institutions—made for the people and by the people—the only true source of power and government.

If General Skobelev were not a Russian, we think he would make a very good American. There is a directness, an airiness, an audacity about his manner and utterances which we never associate with a European diplomatist or statesman. He flies about Europe, makes a war speech here, a defiant speech there, and an enigmatic speech at another place. Then his royal and imperial master, the Czar, is supposed to recall the bold general; not, however, as a punishment, but rather to reward him for making all the other gentlemen in the emperor trade feel as uncomfortable as possible.

England, France, Italy, Germany and Austria are astounded at the way in which Mr. Skobelev's tongue has been allowed to wag. A spark from his pipe would set Europe in a blaze; for there is more than enough combustible material lying about—what with nihilism, socialism and kindred isms. What wonder, then, that some of the potentates endeavor to extinguish the dangerous sparks? But the Czar himself does not care very much what happens, and consequently does little water-squirting. War, to him, would probably be just as agreeable as being blown into eternity by dynamite, which, not unlikely, will be his fate at the Moscow coronation.



## AGRICULTURAL AGAIN.

The immense success of our last week's article on Horticultural Novelties has moved us to shed a little more light upon the horny-handed granger. We have received many communications from farmers in all parts of the country thanking us for the information which we have already accorded them, and asking us eagerly for more. This encouragement is highly gratifying, and it gives us great pleasure to warble for their benefit a few

## FARM NOTES.

By Farm Notes we do not mean to speak of the mellow fugues of the Berkshire sow, the gay pizzicato of the guinea-hen, the soft andantes of the Spring lamb, or the cheerful bravuras of the turkey-cock. We mean to bend our mighty genius down to plain, solid facts, and let our god-like intellect illumine the every-day affairs of the farm and barnyard. We give this week some miscellaneous intelligence of an interesting character, which we will begin with remarks on

**A NOVEL HEN-ROOST.**—This is a Southern patent, and is the fruit of the studies of a highly intelligent Georgia planter, whose estate lies between an African Methodist Church and a "poor white" settlement. It shows remarkable ingenuity on the part of the inventor, who is a high-toned gentleman and an accomplished and enterprising man of business. [See our advertising columns.] It bears the general appearance of a rather ridgy cow's back, and is painted a dull brindle. Thus it affords an inviting perch, and lures even chickens of morbid temperament, who would rather sit on the ground all night than roost on an ordinary horizontal bean-pole. The beauty of this hen-roost is not, however, seen in its full and transcendent glory until a hen, after having stood on the floor and flapped her wings and yawned excitedly, as if she knew she couldn't do the jump, and it was a shame to ask her to try it, flies up and settles on what she fondly supposes to be the back-bone of the cow. Then the machine parts and closes again automatically, playing a dead open-and-shut game on the hen and imprisoning her feet in a grasp as tight as the clutch of vice. After this, the hen is apt to stay on the perch until somebody comes and pries her out in the morning. This hen-roost is also provided with a spring gun and negro-eviscerating attachment, with an extra mechanism to be wound up during the camp-meeting season.

**AN ECONOMICAL PIG-STY.**—This is a feed saving invention which is within the reach of every farmer in this broad land, and may be constructed by any one with a slight knowledge of carpentry. It is simply an ordinary pig-sty, with a sloping floor, at the upper end of which the trough is placed. This floor should be daily slushed down with soft soap. The pig is thus unable to get to his food without arduous struggles, which not only occupy the greater part of his time, and serve to distract his attention, thereby diminishing his opportunities for devouring food, but his muscle is developed to a remarkable extent, giving him an appearance of great obesity and a solidity which no mere fat can ever attain, and which comes out nobly on the scales. Pigs thus bred command a far better sale than corn-fed stock, being greatly prized by boarding-house keepers and proprietors of dime restaurants.

**A NEW SUBSOIL PLOW.**—This is a most valuable invention, and one which we hope will be fully appreciated by hardy tillers of the soil throughout the country. It is in general appearance like an ordinary plow; but the observant eye will soon detect a basement attachment with a reversed mansard roof extension

which will reach right down to the pliocene strata and worry the bones of the megatherium and the pterodactyl. This plow has a patent apparatus, by means of which, when it strikes a stone, the hired man who is holding the handles is fired airily over the horses' heads without in the slightest degree injuring the machine. The earth where he lands may also be protected from injury if the hireling can be persuaded to wear bed-springs all over him.

**A NEW REAPER AND MOWER.**—This machine is a great improvement on anything which we have yet seen. It has a spike attached to a moveable arm, so that when the driver is thrown off he is at once impaled. Thus, instead of merely having his legs cut off and being incapacitated for further work, he is promptly killed and made a boon to the district coroner. There is also an automatic arrangement for gathering in small boys, which is guaranteed to snake in a twelve-year old at a distance of three yards, placing him directly in front of the knife, and holding him in position until the operation is completed. We can confidently recommend this machine to the attention of all thoughtful agriculturists.

**A NEW FEED FOR CHICKENS.**—This feed has been patented by Mr. Ahazraim J. Bloojeens, of Skinnepack, Maine, and has already been illustrated by a diagram in the *Scientific Nova Scotian*, through the active and energetic agency of whose proprietors, Messrs. Gunn & Co., Mr. Ahazraim J. Bloojeens obtained his patent. [—Adv. apl. 27 [rdh]] It has the two great merits of cheapness and fillingness, and may also be used for county almshouses and orphan asylums. Its composition is as follows:

Oyster shells, pulv.....	.06
Shavings.....	.27
Seed corn.....	.00
Boot-heels.....	.12
Rag carpet.....	.20
Potato parings.....	.13
Tomato-cans.....	.14
Iron filings.....	.08
	100.

Next week we shall give a few hints on the general management of the Farm and Garden.

## A LAW REPORT.

"COMLEY ET AL, VS. ARVEDSON. Injunction modified so as to allow the defendant to finish, &c."

—Daily Register, Apl. 4th.

Since Truax, Jr., supports her in  
A "kick" that tames the Farandole,  
And Howson's left to try and grin  
While bearing dummies in her rôle,  
Whatever name it westward start on  
The troupe's no more the comely Barton.  
CAPTAIN FRACASSE.

Oh, donña sol! 'tis hard to part,  
And see no more of Sal Bernhardt;  
But, scraggy, bright, erratic star,  
Why change your name to Damalar?

NOW THE grass is getting green,  
Where the weeping willows lean  
O'er the violets that preen  
In the lea.  
Oh, the skies are very bright,  
And the sunbeams softly light  
On the red and yellow kite  
In the tree.

REJECTED ARTICLES PUCK ne'er returns:  
In Spring he tears them, and in Winter burns.

## Puckings.

PATTI TOOK \$175,000 away with her. We wonder if she and Mrs. Damala will compare notes on the elegance, refinement and—ahem!—manners of our best sassiety.

MR. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, the new Minister to China, wants a military attaché to the legation. It strikes us that Mr. Young would find an associated press attaché much more useful.

MR. ROOSEVELT has probably found out by this time that Messrs. Gould and Field have too much money to permit the action of their private judges or attorney-generals to be investigated by outsiders.

COMMISSIONER PRICE thinks that no good is accomplished by visits of Indians to Washington. This is not surprising, when we remember that no good is accomplished by the visit of Congressmen to Washington.

COERCION in Ireland is said to be a failure; but it is not half so great a failure as the efforts of rowdy Hibernians to make sensible American people believe that Ireland, at present, is treated any worse than she deserves.

THE FRENCH Government does not allow religion, even of the most undogmatic kind, to be taught in the public schools. If it did permit anything of the sort, we should like to know what would become of the French drama.

IT is called a Spring bonnet because, at this season, every husband is entrapped into buying one. This was sent in from a malarious district of New Jersey, and the point is probably lurking somewhere between spring and trap.

PATTERSON, N. J., is supposed to possess more one-eyed men than any other city in the United States, except Pittsburgh. They are workers in iron and steel, and have been struck in the eye with metal chippings. Mr. di Cesnola, we venture to think, would find a useful field of labor in these places.

LAST YEAR \$19,219,172 worth of silver and gold were mined in Colorado. This represents the production of just twenty millions of mines, in each of which, as the prospectuses tell us, there are lodes of 200,000 tons of solid ore within an inch of the surface, worth over \$12,000,000 at the very least.

IT is reported by Roger S. Tracy, the Sanitary Inspector to the Superintendent of Health, that the Chinese are very fond of bad eggs. If this is the case, it is a great wonder that the Chinese don't give up the laundry business as a means of securing wealth, and go out on the road with theatrical combinations.

AN ARTICLE in a pious contemporary says that undrawn poultry is preferable to drawn poultry. This may be, but it is not the opinion of the artist who recently sold, for a hundred dollars, a picture of a Shanghai trying to eat the top off a sidewalk, before an ostrich in the background could get near enough to enjoy a single pebble.

"A READER of the Sun" complains in last Friday's paper, that he can not get along with any Bible now published, because "the language of King James's revision and that of the Canterbury revision is so ungrammatical that neither of them are fit for use by the present generation." That man ought to have a generation all for himself. This one is too ungrammatical for him.

## A SPRING IDYLL.

It is Spring. Bright, illusive, songful Spring. The lea is full of flowers and looks like a piece of new oilcloth in a Bowers show-window on a bright day. The landlord is busy showing prospective tenants around, and telling them how free the place is from malaria, and what improvements he will make in case he rents the house. How he will have the hall papered, and the boiler in the kitchen fixed, and the leak in the roof stopped. He is so busy that he can't read the papers, and he hasn't time enough to change a five-dollar bill or his cuffs. Oh, yes, this is Spring—this is the old regulation Venus, and her robes are probably worth five dollars per yard. She doesn't rise from the sea, though, with her little quail on toast, as she used to, 'way back in the childish days of Alcides and Susan B. Anthony. This Venus doesn't raise as much excitement as she used to. If she raises anything at all at present, it is green peas and the rent. The poet expresses himself in lines of fire—not Greek fire, for that was Homer's game. Well, while the poet expresses his feelings to the world, the comic artist expresses his old ten-pound ulster home to be cut down. When it gets there, it is cut down, very muchly—like a poet's income when he determines to do work that will live; the sleeves are rigged into a pair of trousers for the little brother, while the body is converted into various other things, and the short bits are set aside for rag-carpet, gate-hinges, pump-suckers, and to stop the leak in the roof.

On a stormy night in this lovely season of perfume, melody and soapsuds, three burglars might have been seen sitting alone together under an evergreen, not a great distance from this city. They were fierce-looking men—like the fellows who appear in the third act in cloaks, and walk as though they have boils on their backs, while the music from the orchestra is so slow that it seems made of promissory notes. Well, these three men had purchased excursion tickets to go on a burglarious tour, and they determined to enter the Smith Mansion first. So they emerged from their hiding-place stealthily and went behind the house, where they pried a window open and entered the kitchen. The place was all upside down, which condition of affairs existed in the dining-room and parlor, as well as up-stairs, where they found a barrel in the hall. They went to push it aside, but found it too heavy. It was full of something of great weight.

"Here have we treasure, by my halidom!" quoth the leader: "This is no common prize; we must away with it."

So they all laid hold upon it, so they did; yea verily, and smote the bark off their hands very much entirely, selah. And when their hands were full of splinters, and the perspiration poured off them, they lifted up their voices and said unto each other:

"It hath come to pass that we have entered the dwelling of the steward, and seized upon his shekels of silver, and lo, they are many and as heavy as David Davis."

And it was so.

And they worked the barrel over to the stairway hard by, and every time a hoop would creak their hearts would stand still and their blood almost freeze. And their backs were nearly broken, as they plodded slowly down the stairs, and, when they got there, they hadn't palms enough to spit on for a fresh hold.

But they got the barrel through the window after a most desperate effort, and were bearing it forth to the shade of the evergreen to open it. When they got half way there, they were so thoroughly exhausted that the leader, fearing they could take it no further, said:

"Shall we smash it here?"

"Oh, no!" yelled a stout man from the top

## THAT SAME STUPID ASS AGAIN!



"At this point Alderman Wells arose and presented the following resolution:

"Resolved, That a special meeting of this Board be held every Wednesday at 12 o'clock noon for the purpose of considering resolutions relating to the policy of the National and State Governments."

—N. Y. Sun. Report of Meeting of Board of N. Y. Aldermen, April 5th, 1882.

window: "please don't smash it there, for I don't want the grass spoiled. We have been house-cleaning, and that barrel is full of bottles, broken stove-lids and warming bricks. Oh, you can bet it is heavy. I tried it to-day, and concluded to take the contents down in pails tomorrow. I am very much obliged to you, but don't break it on the lawn; take it out on the sidewalk, and be careful not to let the head fly out, for the rake is broken, and I am too sore to stoop."

And while the three burglars fled, uttering horrible execrations, the old man smiled a smile that ran around his face spirally, and dangled off his chin so far that he could put the end in his vest-pocket. R. K. M.

## ANOTHER REVIEW.

Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr, a well known chromolith, has perpetrated a sonnet in the Tuscan form. The form is correct, but there is a false rhyme in the tercetina which rather breaks the whole business up. The poem is called: "Oh, Earth, Art Thou Weary?" Well, Julia, if we may be permitted to speak in behalf of the earth, we should say it isn't weary at all, because it travels around as lively as ever, and never stops for refreshments. No, Julia, the earth is not like a six-day pedestrian—it never gets weary, and you ought to know better than to ask such a silly question. We give you this advice, Julia, because we like you; and want to see your name printed in stars across the cobalt dome of heaven. We don't like you on account of your poetry, but because of your modesty in not signing your four names. It would be awful, Julia, if you should sign a quatrain: Julia Cavendish Riddleberger Dorr. Oh, yes, Julia, it would be terrible. Please don't do it, like a good girl, and you shall always know the tender sunshine of our smile.

Now THAT ladies' bonnets are made of glass, such remarks as these will fall on our ears: "George, dear, I think you might get me a cut-glass bonnet like Mrs. Sprott's, instead of making me wear this horrid thing made of common lager-beer glass."

## A FRIEND MAKETH INQUIRY.

An evening spent with sundry worldly friends  
Revealed what sense nor reason comprehends:  
They played, as children might, with painted cards,  
And named the "de'il" with almost kind regards.

The carved buttons which they used were "fish,"  
And served at table, though without a dish;  
Denominated also "bones" and "chips,"  
And other curious names which memory slips.

A temperate man—I did not note the blush  
Of wine on him—was said to have a "flush."  
The more I ask the less I understand!  
They said: 'twas not his face, but in his "hand."

One held a "pear," though I beheld no fruit;  
He, all in gray, spoke of his "different suit";  
A third, in spectacles, said he was "blind,"  
While one in front alleged he was "behind."

One helped himself to liquid. With a will  
The bumper quaffed, yet said: "I did n't fill";  
Declared: "I pass it," yet another pull  
Induced the potent truth that he was "full."

A native-born alleged that he was "Pat";  
When he was told to "raise," quite still he sat.  
One "straddled," though correctly placed in chair,  
A "bob" was held, though no young veal was there.

A queen "held up," from weakness, yet was strong  
Enough to "draw" two other queens along;  
One claimed: "I've three," but, as I am alive,  
He was mistaken, for I counted five.

One said: "I can not see you." My surprise  
Was great when I observed his piercing eyes.  
Anon he said: "I'll call," though no invite  
Had been extended for another night.

The tallest present said that he was "shawt";  
When none pursued him, owned to being "caught";  
He once refer'd to "holding fours"; his knee  
Held nothing—save a card or two or three.

They "shuffled," yet they did not move their feet;  
Not vegetarians, still one was "beet";  
They "cut," but to the knife made no appeal;  
The table walnut, yet they spoke of "deal."

Terms geographical they'd idly prate:  
Of "bluff" spoke one; another of a "strait."  
Was "busted pot" some metal vessel's wreck,  
To which belonged supposititious "deck"?

In vain I studied the exciting scene—  
I know why mutton gambols on the green—  
But why these bits of pasteboard please my friends,  
My eye nor mind nor sees nor comprehends.

JOHN ALBRO.



## THE CASTOVER COLLECTION.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE DETAILED TO INVESTIGATE THE SCULPTURES IN THE NECROPOLITAN MENAGERIE OF ODDS AND ENDS.

## COMPLETE VINDICATION OF THE DISTINGUISHED COLLECTOR.

*The Abominable Charges Discussed in Full.—The Slanderer Refuted.—Complete and Specific Account.*

It is with profound satisfaction that we announce to the public that the scandalous charges recently brought against the unrivaled Castover Collection of Antiquities have been completely refuted by the report of an able and unbiassed investigating committee, appointed by itself and Mr. de Castover for this express purpose. We append the report, and trust that now the vile and unprincipled accuser, Feuauxdents, will sheathe his slimy and slanderous tongue and give a truly good man some peace.

## CASE I.

*Statue of the God Petron Kouperion.*

The traducer of Mr. de Castover has alleged that this noble statue is composed of unrelated fragments, asserting that while the head belongs to the archaic period, the right arm is that of the goddess Phanni Davenporta and the left that of the demigod Soullivaneus. The legs, he asserts, are not legs, but limbs, belonging to the goddess Annadic Enson, or Hamlettina. We find these statements wholly false, nor do we observe any mark of jointure between the left arm and the torso. There is a very grand and beautiful homogeneity about this statue, and the public will please not forget it.

The Board of Aldermen of New York, which is composed of first-class connoisseurs, have such an appreciation of this statue that they have endeavored to purchase it to set up at the corner of Astor Place and Fourth Avenue.

## CASE II.

*Statue of the Goddess Nike, or Victoria.*

The assertion that the lower portion of this purely precious fragment ever stood in front of a tobacco temple in Golgoi is a base libel. The articles attached to the belt are the regulation attributes of this goddess; and the inscriptions thereon are in the pure old Cypriote vernacular, which every member of the committee speaks fluently. The beauty of this statuette is so great that the Government has adopted it as a design for a postage stamp.



the god Saintpa Triikko is also false. It may readily be recognized as the poculum, or seidel, of the god Dionysus.

## CASE III.

*Statue of the God Butlerios Kokkeios.*

The statement that this piece of sculpture has got mixed up with the hyperion curl of Kon Klingion, the goatee, or martial beard, of Lamarion and the torso of Bardvelios Slotos is a base, groveling, low-pressure prevarication, without subcellar or modern improvements and with water in the meter and most of the door-knobs off.

Also the idea that the feet are of the anti-Chicagoan period is a celluloid hallucination. The suggestion that the object in his left hand is an attribute of

## CASE IV.

*Statue of the God Sammi Tildenios.*

We find this statue to be one solid piece of masonry.

We see no reason to believe that the nose is that of the hemi-semi-demi little tin god on castors, Konklingion.

Nor is the bust, as alleged, one gone on in the early dime museum period.

There is no lack of proportion between the arm and this torso, which completely refutes the allegation that it belonged to a classic living skeleton who used to travel with a fat woman about the period of Deukalion Bunnelleus. The legs are quite in keeping with the rest of this noble work, and there is no nail in the left shoulder.



## CASE V.

*Statue of the God Davidson Davision Solidion.*

We find that this is a solid and homogeneous statue, excavated at Statueville. We likewise find that it is built from the ground up.

We hurl back the foul accusation that the head and torso belong to another god by the name of Henrio Berghomenoi. We consider the statue perfectly symmetrical in all its parts, and we look upon any allusions to tenpenny nails as in the worst possible taste. It is well known that tenpenny nails, cement and glue are merely fungoid growths, of frequent occurrence on long-buried statuary. To the casual and unlearned eye it may appear that the upper and lower portions of this work show different ideas of frontwardness and backwardness; but this is a well understood characteristic of the god in question, whose political attitude, as mythology informs us, was severely independent and unpartisan.



Your committee here closes its report and comes off. All remonstrances against this finding are respectfully referred to the Whitewashers' and Kalsominers' Trade Union.

JOHN SMITH.

" JONES.

V. GREEN.

D. BROWN.

BILLST + UBBS.  
his mark.

THE COMMITTEE.

New York, April 1st, 1882.

## THE INWOOD-ON-THE-HUDSON PEDAGOGUE.

There is a jolly pedagogue, who, never knowing cares,  
Doth teach his pupils, large and small, the latest comic airs;  
And ere they to their studies go, at morn, with faces grim,  
These airs are caroled lustily, instead of psalm and hymn.

They sing the airs of "Belle Hélène," they sing from "Olivette,"  
And lots of satisfaction does the teacher thusly get;  
Ah! he smiles a very tender smile, that checks the rising frown  
When they gaily warble: "Never Kick Your Mother When She's Down!"

When the panel-lined habiliments are hammered into pulp,  
And the urchin gaily kicks around and tries his yells to gulp;  
When from the warp most rudely 'neath the ruler flies the woof,  
And the yelling seems to loosen all the shingles on the roof,

They dance around and scream of the "Torpedo and the Whale," while they hitch the ancient saucepan to the frightened poodle's tail;  
And their bosoms know of gratitude a pretty healthy flood, when they think about their pedagogue at Inwood-on-the-Hud.

Then the teacher piles in lively and he makes that pupil dance  
To a tune from "Masaniello" or the "Pirates of Penzance,"  
And the pupil wildly kicks, as though he's swimming in the air,  
While his movement is the movement of the "Burglar's Morning Prayer."

Each day, between the chemistry and the arithmetic,  
They sing: "O, Undertaker, Does Your Mother Know You're Sick?"  
And around the dusty schoolroom they begin to dance in spots,  
While "Grease the Griddle, Birdie!" takes the place of Doctor Watts.

The boys around his neighborhood are some upon the sing,  
They hum the *Miserere* when they get the hornet's sting,  
While solemn chants Gregorian their spirits render light,  
When they revel in the glories of a rough-and-tumble fight.

## A MORNING HALLUCINATION.



THIS IS THE THING AS IT REALLY IS—

BUT THIS IS THE WAY IT APPEARS TO THE SLEEPY BOARDER WHO IS BEING AWAKENED.

## WHY, CERTAINLY!

ALGERNON DROP.—Will we give you the language of flowers and a guide to flirtation? Why, cert, Algernon. Nothing could please us more. If it will ease your throbbing heart and save you ten cents, we will reprint for you the whole hand-book. Here you are, Algernon; and you may gamble real money on the solid trustworthiness of this information.

## THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

[The intelligence to be communicated is expressed by wearing the appropriate vegetable in your button-hole.]

- Daisy.....Does your mother know you're out?  
 Dandelion.....Do you know if your father is in?  
 Parsnip.....Tie up the bull-dog.  
 Turnip.....I don't object to freckles.  
 Sage.....You are too too.  
 Chicory.....I am going out to see a man.  
 Clove.....I have seen him.  
 Cucumber.....Ice-cream.  
 China Aster.....Front Gate.  
 Mint.....You're a lamb.  
 Beet-top.....Reserve the next clog for me.  
 Hollyhock.....That other fellow is of no commercial value.  
 Night-blooming Cereus.....Will you take a walk with ice-cream?  
 Day-blooming ditto.....Will you take a walk without ice-cream?  
 Gum-drop-leaved Mignonette.....Come under the brim of my hat.  
 Cabbage.....Your hairpins are coming out.  
 Calceolaria Anaconda.....I think you squint.  
 Lemon.....Are you a soda-water girl, or is your affection disinterested?  
 Rhododendron Megatherium.....Just catch my eye!  
 Lotus Flower.....Are you going to the ball this evening?  
 Orange ditto.....S'mother evening?  
 Best Family Self-raising ditto.....You take the cake.  
 Burdock.....The old woman appears to be getting on to this.  
 Ranunculus Tuberculosis.....Ta ta.

## HANDKERCHIEF FLIRTATION.

- Placing it on the right ear.....Do you mean ice-cream, or are you trifling with my young affections?  
 Placing it on the left ear.....Beware of our dog; he is a cassimere-eater.  
 Putting it into either ear.....You are a fluent conversationalist.

- Flicking it at the other party.....Go away, you bad, naughty man.  
 Flicking it still more.....Ain't you awful.  
 Rolling it up into a globular wad.....Where are those caramels?  
 Sending it to the wash.....Wait a week.

A few more general instructions for signaling to your friends and people in general, dear Algernon, and we are done. You have only to learn these last rules by heart, and practise in your leisure moments, and you will be quite an accomplished man-of-the-world, if you live.

## SIGN LANGUAGE.

- Quietly taking a man into a corner and telling him he is looking well, means.....Lend me three dollars and a-half until Saturday.  
 Smiling blandly and laying your right forefinger along the intersection of your nose and cheek.....It is no use; I haven't a cent.  
 Rising and moving with alacrity in the direction of a waxed counter.....Thank you, I don't mind if I do.  
 Placing a bent pin in another man's chair.....Have you a sense of humor?

Getting with alacrity out of the window, ditto range.....Ordinary prudence.

That is all at present, Algernon.

## THE SECRET OF THE KEELY MOTOR.



KEELY (to the investors):—"Keep it up, boys! I have got the thing down fine, and so will you, one of these days!"

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXIX.

## IRISH-AMERICANS IN IRELAND.



Ya-as, there seems to be, fwom what I can gathah, a most unsatisfactory state of things in aw Ireland. Not that this is anything new, faw evah since I can wemembah there has invarwibly been some de-scription of wumpus going on. I know that I have not weceived any went fwom my landed pwoperty there. I believe my agent is not desirwous of collecting it, faw, if he does so, it is not impwobable he will be shot with a wifle or a wevolvah. Weally too bad, 'pon my life, ye know.

I am sure I cannot suggest any special means by which these Irwish fellows can be kept quiet. It worwies and bothahs me to he-ah about them, and yet one can't help it, if he weads the pa-pahs.

Jack tells me that severwal noisy fellows who were membahs of Parliament have been impwisoned faw inciting their countwymen to wiot and disturbance, among them a young man named Parnell, who was the worst of the lot. At the moment I can't wemembah the names of the othahs. They will pwobably get their fwedom when they pwomise to conduct themselves in a pwopah mannah; but aw they don't seem much inclined, fwom what I can he-ah, to impwove in behavi-ah. Such individuals nevah know how to appreciate wepose.

In addition to these wegulah Bwitish subjects, who are wesiding in jail, there are severwal Irwishmen, wecently from Amerwica, who have got themselves into twouble.

These Irwishmen, it appe-ahs, came over he-ah, and became Amerwican subjects—aw they call them by the same name as they used in ancient Wome and durwing the Fwench Wevoluti-ah—citizens. Well, aftah under-going the pwocess of naturwalization, they we-turned to Erwin—that, ye know, is the name faw Ireland in poetwry—and then they immediately used all their influence and their time in stirwing up insurwection, and doing their utmost to waise an unpwecedented wow—as if mattahs were not bad enough.

My fwriend Fawstah, who is secwetarwry faw Ireland, naturwally had these fellows arwested entirely without weferwence to their national-ity. If they had been Wussians, or Austwians, he would have done aw the same thing, as they were law-bweakahs, and interferred, in a pwoclaimed distwict, with things which did not concern them.

It is perfectly surpwising to he-ah and wead of the unweasonable wubbish that is circulated through the pwess on the outwages on these extwemely Irwish Amerwican citizens. The Amerwican ambassadah, my intimate fwriend Lowell, is abused in a quite too awfully horwid way; but all the wespectable people think he is quite wight in not interfwering. Some Irwishmen threaten to make Amerwica wage war against England. I wish aw she would, and annex Ireland to the United States. I will willingly surwendah my pwoperty aw.

CRÆSUS WAS said to have been, in early youth, connected with the plumbing interest.—Commercial Advertiser.

This may be true, but we have always been of the opinion that he ran an ice-wagon in the daytime and a hack at night.



## AMUSEMENTS.

At WALLACK's we have "Youth," which is perennial in its attraction.

Mary Anderson has donned the thespian mantle once more for a two weeks' season in the suburbs.

"Squatter Sovereignty," it is almost needless to say, is at the THEATRE COMIQUE. We don't see very well how it could be anywhere else.

When this "Merry War" will be over we cannot say, as it is still, by its tuneful melodies, drawing crowded audiences to the THALIA THEATRE.

"Green Room Fun," interpreted by Salsbury's Troubadours, is now at BOOTH'S THEATRE. It is a novelty, and it emits a very large supply of music.

It will be a long time before "Divorgons" is divorced from ABBEY'S PARK THEATRE, because such a good feeling exists between the audiences and the play.

There was no performance at the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE on Good Friday, but there is a performance there to-night, and will be for many a long day, of "Esmeralda."

HAVERLY'S FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE is devoting itself vigorously to the performance of "A Celebrated Case," with the artistic help of James O'Neil, Lewis Morrison, Maude Granger and Carrie Turner.

A certain remark was once made by the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina, which reminds us that Mr. J. K. Emmet is now at HAVERLY'S BROOKLYN THEATRE, and playing in his specialty, "Fritz in Ireland."

The bewildering entertainment now going on at the MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, known as Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth, cannot stay very much longer in New York. Our readers should, therefore, go there as early and as often as possible.

"Claude Duval," at the STANDARD, should be seen and heard by all the small boys who contemplate going into the dashing highwayman business. It will save them an immense amount of dime-novel reading and Sunday-school training.

To-morrow night is the first performance, at DALY'S THEATRE, of the new musical comedy entitled, "Girouette." For the benefit of those who do not understand French, we may explain that "Girouette" means a whirlingig, a weathercock, a teetotum, a David Davis, so to speak.

Birch & Backus's SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS, with the able co-operation of Mr. William Hamilton, are keeping up their reputation for fun and frolic. "Patients" and "Claude Duval," from a sable point of view, may be seen nightly, together with other black acts equally as acceptable.

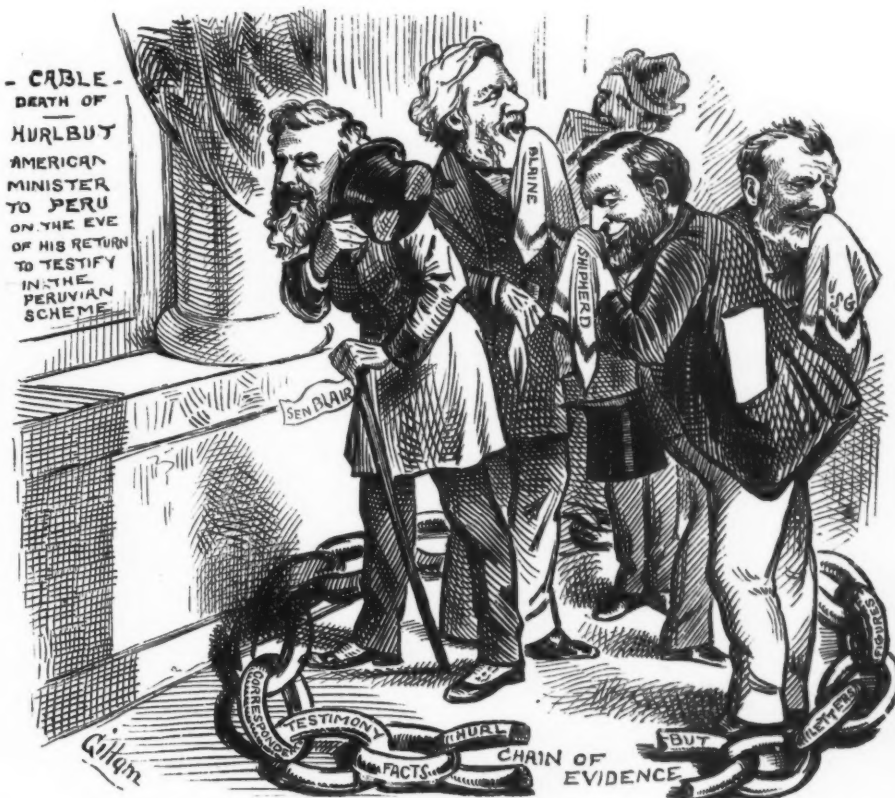
The venomous alchemist, Herzog, *alias* the "Black Crook," *alias* big business, prevails at NIBLO'S GARDEN under the successful ensign of the Kiralfy Brothers, and has proved to be as attractive as heretofore. There is the usual wealth of gold, silver, sheer, tinsel and female anatomy, and "standing room only" at every evening and matinee performance.

This is not a Presidential election year; but there will be quite as much excitement as if it were, because of the great music festival, under the direction of Theodore Thomas, which is to come off next month, at the SEVENTH REGIMENT ARMORY. There will be more fiddlers, trumpeters, kettle drummers, harpers, corneters, combists, piano-punchers and chorus-singers than there were animals on board of the Ark when she first left port.

A slave is always magnetic and interesting on the stage—be it a black slave, or a bond slave, or a galley slave, or, indeed, a "White Slave," such as now prevails at HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE. The author is Mr. Bartley Campbell, and his work has achieved already a popular success. Mr. Campbell says that there are 6,000,000 persons of mahogany-ginger tint in the United States (and territories), not counting octoroons, and that their proceedings are of interest. This is a statement

## DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES.

It's an Ill Wind that Blows Nobody Good.



PERUVIAN SCHEMERS:—"PHEW! WHAT A NARROW ESCAPE—JUST BY THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH!"

which every man who has ever owned a chicken will readily credit. Mr. Campbell has hit the popular nail squarely on the head, and the theatre is nightly packed in consequence. Miss Cayvan enacts *Lisa* with tenderness and expression; but Mr. Gus. Levick over-acts a *role* which should be played quietly.

## Answers for the Anxious.

ANTI ANDRE.—Thanks.

HASELTINE.—Does she approve of the veto?

G. HENNIG AND OTHERS.—Your communication has been referred to the author of "Married Miseries."

SERVIVUS.—Your communication survived the fire, and has just been exhumed from the debris. Fear not, we shall comply with your wish.

Z. Z. NICHOLS.—It grieves us excessively to say that your poem will never bear its message of balm and soothing sympathy to aching hearts. It was burnt up in the PUCK fire.

V. LATIMER.—We are much obliged to you for sending us your new and beautiful pun on Oscar Wilde and his car. We have had a handle put to it, and have sent it up to the managers of the dog-pound. We think it may be used to kill off the superfluous canine element in this city. It will be more effective than the drowning process, and, being quicker in its operation, may be considered more merciful.

JOE MARTEN.—We will print your little joke. There are many highway robberies nowadays in New York, and we are anxious to supply law-abiding citizens with a weapon, not, like the playful revolver, forbidden by statute, with which they may paralyze the midnight assassin. We think we have it in that joke of yours. Pulled out suddenly and presented to a garrotter, it would probably scare him into a sort of moral D. T.

"A burglar was caught the other night, filing through the iron bars at the door of a jewelry store. Brought before the judge, he complained that he was interrupted in an investigation which he had to hold, after succeeding in being admitted to the bar and just having his first on file."

## THE MILLIONAIRE'S MINISTER.

O Doctor Smeed, O Doctor Smeed,  
There is a book you've never "seed;"  
It tells about a familie  
Made rich by one man's industree;  
A member of the house, they say,  
Had that same book composed, for pay,  
Because you made his heart to bleed—  
O Doctor Smeed, O Doctor Smeed.  
O Doctor Smeed, O Doctor Smeed,  
In that same wicked book we read:  
(We don't believe it,) you were one  
Who kept a father from his son.  
It tells us many things of you—  
We can't believe that they are true.  
Would you were from these slanders freed!  
O Doctor Smeed, O Doctor Smeed.  
O Doctor Smeed, O Doctor Smeed,  
We would not like to see you treed,  
Corralled by any sinner's rope  
You washed the rich man's feet with soap.  
You hung about his dying bed—  
You stuck right there till he was dead.  
Your name was mentioned in the deed,  
O Doctor Smeed, O Doctor Smeed.  
O Doctor Smeed, O Doctor Smeed,  
You are not of the sinful breed.  
Your church is built up "from the ground;"  
No crookedness therein is found;  
You got it in the way you should,  
By honest labor for the good;  
And in religion's ranks you lead,  
O Doctor Smeed, O Doctor Smeed.  
O Doctor Smeed, O Doctor Smeed,  
We wish to give you virtue's meed:  
You are the gay and festive duck,  
Who preached against the sinful Puck;  
You cursed the paper, branch and root—  
We quite agree it doesn't suit  
The Christians of your class and creed,  
O Doctor Smeed, O Doctor Smeed!



# THE DECLARATION

Made at Cincinnati, on the 19th of March, in the Year of the Republic 1861

OF  
Fourth





**DECLARATION OF DEPENDENCE.**  
Fourth Provincial Council of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States.

## PECULIAR PRACTICES OF OUR PRISON PHYSICIANS.



"SEEING" THE DOCTOR.



"TAKE THAT DYING MAN UP-STAIRS, QUICK!"



DIVISION OF LABOR—BY ORDER OF THE DOCTOR.

## TO A YOUNG LADY.

We never thought about having a "Household Department" in this paper until we received your letter the other day, asking us of canned chicken in comparison with the same biped fresh-killed.

We think it might be a good idea to set apart a column of PUCK to tell suffering people how to make sponge-cake, how to cut an ulster down into door-mats, and the best method of working stale bread and sour milk up into a stew, that it may be palmed off on the average man as a recent culinary novelty from Paris.

It might also be a brilliant idea to have a "Fashion Department," and furnish anxious ladies every week with charts and maps of the latest articles of transatlantic wear.

But to the chicken. We do not know exactly which possesses the greatest merit, the live or the canned article, and, indeed, it is a very difficult question to answer with any degree of correctness. Each has its peculiar merits.

Now, to start on, canned chicken has no bones in it, and you never run the risk of getting feathers tangled up in your teeth, because the chicken is always plucked before it is put into the can, unless it happens to be so tough that the plumage cannot be pulled out with a pair of pincers, in which case the bipeds are taken to a barber's and shaved.

Live chicken is also good, and has a decided advantage over hermetically-sealed hen in some ways. You see, there is more excitement in securing it. The canned article you purchase in cold blood; but the old Shanghai you have to capture; and oh, there is lots of fun in it. You start out with a pole, and make a crack at the fowl, intending to fetch it down; but you don't; because, when the pole gets there, the bird is fast going over the fence. You follow, thinking you may get an appetite for the refugee when it is cooked; but, after you have made a desperate crack at it, resulting in a bad miss, which lands you all over the ground, you conclude there is more appetite than hen in store for you. Now you can't get such a chase as this out of canned hen to save your life.

Canned hen, though, is always better to steal, because it can't crow or make any noise. One you kill with an axe, while the other you open with the old rusty scissors—the old regulation pair, with one blade half gone, and the screw so loose that you can't cut newspaper with it without grinding your teeth. Well, when you hammer on this with a stove-lid lifter, and suddenly have it fly through and splash a lot of hen up in your face, while your finger catches on the jagged edge and leaves about a yard of flesh there as a souvenir—well, then you believe that canned hen has its drawbacks as well as its beauties.

Take the old yellow hen, for instance—the

old golden lady that looks like an omelette on legs—well, when you get through with her, you haven't got a can left to plant a flower in, or to bail a boat out with, or to fatten the ostrich.

Then again, when you get through with your canned hen, you haven't got any wings left to brush up the ashes with, or yellow legs to lie around on ash heaps a d work in color. We think canned hen has another great advantage—when you buy it, you cannot tell its age, because the teeth are not packed in the can.

Hens should always be pickled in cans when they strike the Springtime of life, for then they can't grow old and get tough. And five years after the canning they would be as tender as ever, while, if allowed to continue in life's pilgrimage, they would justify the popular suspicion that sole-leather is the evolution of the hen. But, then, canned hen can not go around the garden, tearing up mignonette and pansies; and you don't have to fatten it to kill; and you don't have to watch boys to keep them from throwing stones at it; and dogs never chase it; and you can have it ready for the table inside of ten minutes.

Now we have told you frankly all we know on the chicken question; and we will cheerfully give you information on all kindred subjects if you will make known your interrogations. Send your photograph, too—not necessarily for publication, but merely as an ornament to paste on the wall, to cheer us up when we are sad and can't borrow any money.

## REJECTED ADDRESSES.

[NEW SERIES.]

*We have received so many pathetic and indignant remonstrances from rejected contributors that we are beginning to be convinced that we are really heartless and indiscriminating. We have therefore resolved to run a column of*

**"Rejected Communications,"**

*and let the rejected have a show for themselves. Contributions requested.*

SAD BUT TRUE.

As I was passing down the street,  
Two friends, by luck, I chanced to meet;  
And they were speaking rather loud  
About a lady who is endowed  
With looks, and wealth, and much she has  
Except good looks—hers will not pass.  
And after they had talked about  
Her ears, her eyes, her feet, her "snout,"  
Says one, who knew her not at all:  
"I hear her mouth is far from small."  
"Is far from small?" Well, I should smile,  
Then pauses, with glaring eyes, awhile:  
"She smiles, if funny things she hears,  
And then her mouth does pass her ears,  
But when she LAUGHS, a sight 's displayed:  
Her skull an island at once is made!"  
From all I heard and all he said,  
I judge she's not a lovely maid. F. R. F.

## SEYMOUR ON CANALS.

There is an article full of profound thought at present going the rounds entitled, "Horatio Seymour on the Canals." This is the first time we ever heard of Horatio having been on any canal, and we should like to know something of his past career. We imagine he must have been a great success, that is, if he navigated the mule, because no mule would refuse to move onward if Horatio happened to be around.

He would not have to play "Mollie Darling" on an accordeon, either, to make the animal move; one glance at his neck-whiskers would saturate the serene quadruped with a frantic desire to fly through space, and nothing but huge forks on the bottom of the canal-boat would prevent the demure animal from hauling it up on a mountain and leaving it there.

It is pleasant to reflect, however, that the old thunderer of Utica has had a naval experience, and that he once sat on the hurricane-deck of the "Nancy Jane," and played sentimental nocturnes on a Jew's harp, until he wore the natural wrapper off his finger, and hammered his mouth out of shape trying to play "Grease the Griddle, Birdie darling," in minors.

Now, if Horatio Seymour is well up in naval affairs, he ought to be formally introduced to Secretary Hunt, for it is stated that the latter is about to leave the United States Navy. If this is true, how is he going to leave it? Where is it? That is the question, and has been for a long time. It might be better for him to attempt to find it, and that is the rôle in which Seymour might get in his star business. They might go off together in a row-boat and paddle around, equipped with dark lanterns and boat-hooks, and in case of their running across the Navy, they could easily bring it ashore, and then Hunt would be enabled to leave it formally, and prove to the country that Horatio Seymour's experience on the water is not in vain, and that he is a better gondolier than politician.

YES, GRACE, send it in; our typos always follow copy, and it will be all right. But, although they do follow copy, it is not a circumstance to the manner in which they frequently follow us with clubs to secure it. They watch us like lynxes, as we walk along the street, and they often call upon us when we are pulling the cork out of our champagne at dinner, and ask us if we have finished that ode to a guinea hen. Oh, yes, they are very much on the follow, and, if they had a fair chance, they would make good fox-hunters. This is only to satisfy you that if you send in that poem of yours, called "Childhood's Happy Days," "heartsease" will not be set up "goose-grease;" so you had better send it right along.



THE ENEMIES OF THE WORKINGMAN.



THE OLD 'UN:—"THIS IS NOT THE FIRST TIME WE HAVE BEEN UNANIMOUS, IS IT, REVEREND MR. SLEEK?"

TO THE CASHIER.

O cashier! you are very dear around here.  
All hail, old boy!  
You never fail  
To fill us with joy;  
When we go down  
On Monday morn, shkel-shorn,  
You never frown,  
But sweetly sing:  
"How much to-day?"  
And the dollars ring  
In a way  
Pleasant to hear and see  
On the mahogane,  
While from you,  
Flower of your sex,  
We yank the undue,  
Unearned sheks.  
Whene'er we see you smiling on the wealth,  
A spirit of joy our thoughts to music moves,  
While we may remark: the vision improves  
Our health.  
When we see you smile  
In your customary Spring style,  
When we see you grin  
Around the ears,  
The music of the spheres  
Is naught to the musical praise you win,  
O tender and benevolent custodian of tin!  
Who makes our life a May day—  
A holiday, a play day, a joliday, a pay day?  
'Tis you, O poet of gold!—  
Bird of the deathless song,  
Who in your heart dost hold  
Our affections well and long.  
One square inch of your smile  
Is equal to a mile  
Of airy landscape, when along the lea  
Flowerward wings the amorous golden bee,

And on the daisy's snowy finger tips,  
Drunken with rapture, perches, while he dips  
Into its\* honeyed heart his eager beak;  
When butterflies their fragrant bowers seek,  
And through the buzzing fields in couples prank,  
And wanton on the woodland's flower bank,  
Where sombre ivy indolently creeps  
Up the oak's antlers, where the wood-dove  
sleeps,  
Like the sad girl that courts love's precious  
sweets,  
O gay Endymion! how is that for Keats?  
You never, never doubt  
The virtue of our checks,  
But on them rattle out  
The sheks.  
And that's enough to endear you  
To all who are fortunate enough to be near you.  
Indeed you are looking very well,  
That new suit 's exceeding swell:  
It makes you look tall,  
And fits you like the paper on the wall;  
Your hair is trimmed just about right,  
Your eye is healthy and bright;  
It's no wonder the girls  
Admire your moustache and curls;  
And we'll be very badly sold  
If you don't live to be one hundred and  
eighty years old.  
But, alas! we're sadly mixed  
In our accounts, anyhow,  
And grief sits on our brow:  
Tell us, tell us, how are you fixed  
Now? R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

\*There isn't any honey to speak of in a daisy, but at present it is a fashionable flower, and I thought I might as well make the bee play a short engagement on it. This kind of mistake is customary with the poet, who never John Burroughs into the beautiful mysteries of nature. The pun, though good, is not mine. R. K. M.

"HAWKEYE" DOTS.

G. S.

ENGLISH sparrows on the wing,  
Squak and squak but never sing;  
All day long they're quarreling—  
You are coming, gentle Spring.

Now the wasp, awakening,  
Burnishes his rusty sting;  
Soon he'll prod his probing thing  
In some boy—O gentle Spring!

To the eaves icicles cling,  
Balmy days pneumonia bring;  
Frosted noses blossoming  
Say you're coming, gentle Spring.

On the fence the pasters sling  
Gaudy pictures of the ring;  
High the bareback riders fling  
Undraped limbs like every thing;

High the strong rhinostertop, (ding)  
Heaves the hi-pup-on-the-omnibus (cling),  
While the white camelopard (ring)  
Browses on the old hair trunk (spring).

"AND now," shouts an excited exchange:  
"where shall we look for Independence?" Oh,  
friend and brother, searching and long suffering  
fellow sufferer, look in the kitchen, look in the  
kitchen!

MR. JOHNS came to a hotel in Bismarck with  
a cheap-looking trunk, worth about \$7. The  
clerk sized him up and gave him a back room,  
just under the roof, with a dormer window, a  
camp bed and a tin basin for furniture. The  
porter snubbed him, and he was the last man  
waited on at the table, and was always seated  
where he couldn't reach the bread and the  
castor. He went away on business, was gone  
six weeks, and left his room door open. And  
then when he came back and opened that old  
trunk and took \$12,000 in gold out of it, the  
landlord pulled out all his hair for mortification,  
and went and got roaring drunk for five days,  
the clerk forgot to paste down his front hair,  
and went one whole day without changing his  
eight-inch cuffs, and the porter went out in  
the woods and lay down and died. Moral:  
Never disdain to go through a trunk because  
it looks cheap. You can't tell what it may  
assay.—Robert J. Burdette.

BABY'S PETITION.

Life is restless, days are fleeting,  
Children bloom, but die in teething;  
Warning take, all friends and mothers,  
Watch the precious girls and brothers;  
Read the home life of Victoria,  
Children nine, all had CASTORIA;  
No sleepless nights, by baby squalling,  
Like larks they rise in early morning.

The adoption of Swayne's Ointment by those disfigured  
with skin diseases is worth attention of the reader.

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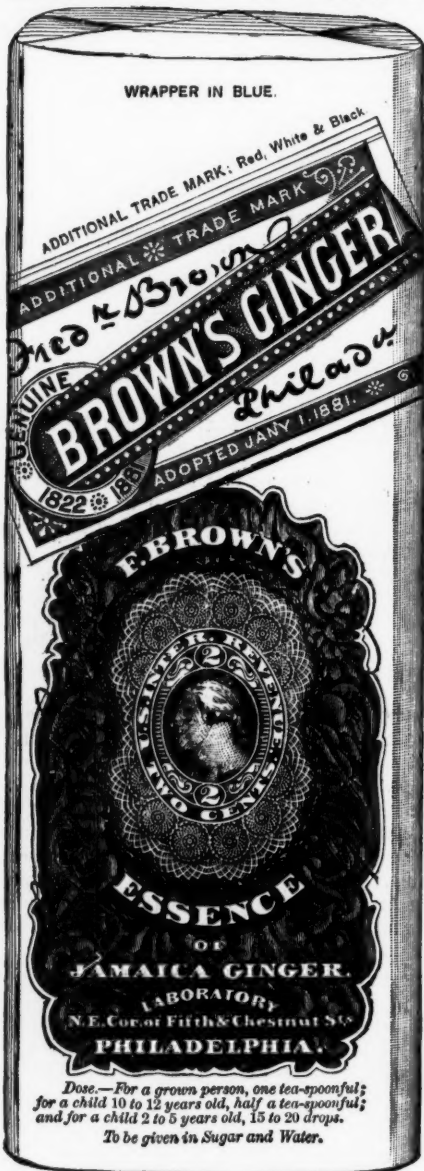
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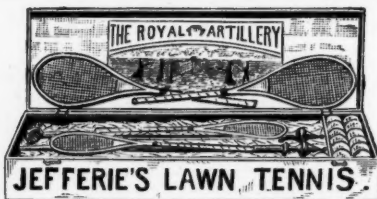
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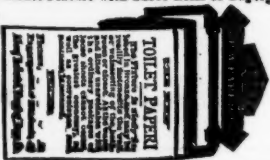
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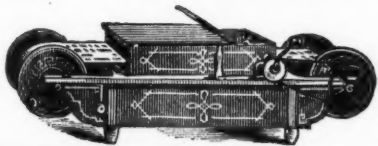
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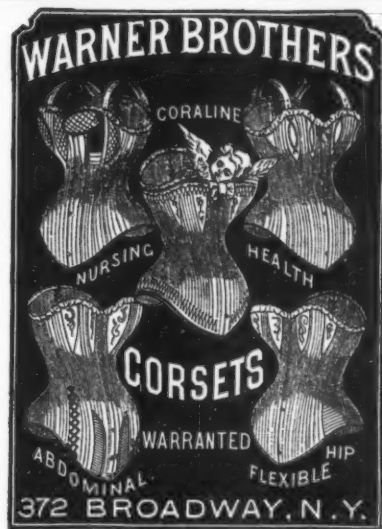
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#### STEAMSHIP LINE between

New York, Southampton & Bremen

Sailing every Saturday.

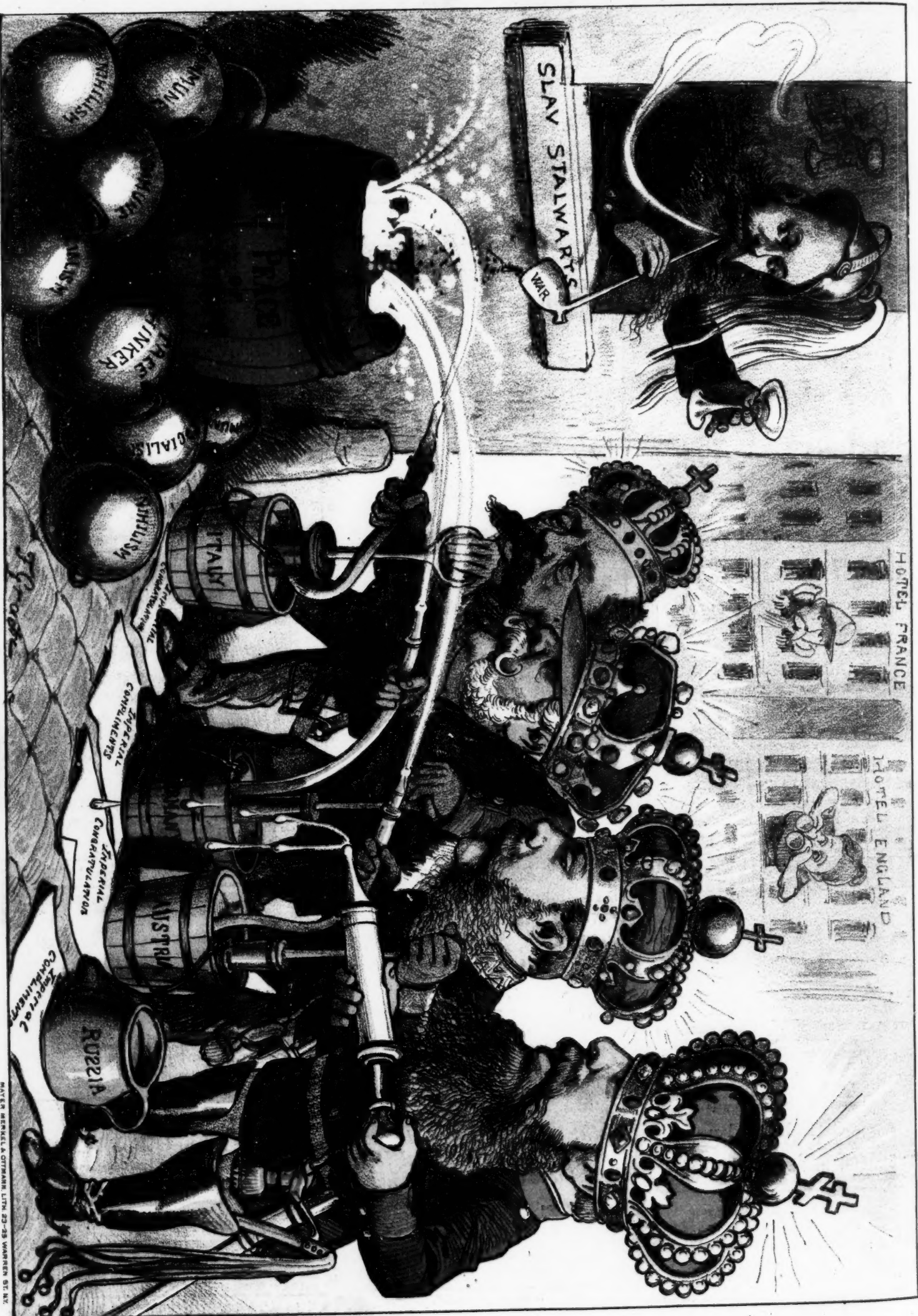
Company's Pier, foot of Second Street, Hoboken.  
NECKAR, Saturday, April 6th. | RHEIN, Saturday, April 15th.  
MAIN, Wednesday, April 12th. | SALLER, Wed., April 19th.

Rates of passage from NEW YORK to SOUTHAMPTON, HAVRE, or BREMEN:

First Cabin, \$100; Second Cabin, \$60; Steerage, \$30.  
Return tickets at reduced rates. Prepaid Steerage Certificates, \$27.  
OELRICHS & CO., General Agents, No. 2 Bowling Green.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free.  
Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

THEISS' CONCERTS, 14th ST., NEAR 6th AVE.  
EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING.



AN IRREPRESSIBLE PATRIOT.  
HOW GENERAL SKOBELEFF KEEPS THE CROWNED HEADS BUSY.